

Her Poems Read Like Postcards

MARK SMITH

Her poems read like postcards
scribbled at a table in a small café
and mailed off to friends who lived
on fellowships and travel grants.
One would have thought her hand
would cramp from so often writing
por avion and poste restante.

When, in your robust dreams,
you squirmed beneath her on the day-couch
and she kissed you, in the French-style
so lavishly on the mouth, you told
your barber and his customers –
to much laughter—how her tongue
tasted of the shiny backside
of foreign postage stamps.